

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

Wednesday, 6th January.
EXPORT CARGOES.
Per steamship Glenarvan, sailed on the 3rd January—From Canton waters to London—14,553 lbs. Cognac, 44,100 lbs. scented eper, 9,755 lbs. scented orange pekoe, 2 cases silk piece goods, 154 cases waste silk, 2 cases preserves, 84 pieces sundries. From Manila—1,124 hales hemp.

Quotations are—
Malwa (New) \$54 per piul, alleo. of 1 catty.
Malwa (2 years Old) \$55 " 2 catties
Malwa (3 ") 550 " 2 "
Paiwa (New) 6084 " per chest.
Paiwa (Old) 5724 to 575 " "
Bonares (New) 5624 to 6032 " "
Est. 1720.

EXCHANGE.

On LONDON—
Bank Bills, on demand 364
Bank Bills, at 30 days' sight 364
Bank Bills, at 4 months' sight 374
Credits, at 4 months' sight 374
Documentary Bills, at 4 months' sight 374
On PARIS—
Bank Bills, on demand 450
Credits, at 4 months' sight 450
BOMBAK—Bank, 3 days' sight 2204
On CALCUTTA—
Bank, 3 days' sight 2204
On SHANGHAI—
Bank, 8 days' sight 724
Private, 30 days' sight 73

SHARES.

Hongkong and Shanghai Bank Shares—113 per cent. premium.

Union Insurance Society of Canton, Limited—\$460 per share, ex div.

Fire Department.

Policies issued for long or short periods at current rates.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Policies issued for sum not exceeding \$25,000, at reduced rates.

HOLLIDAY, WISE & Co.,
Hongkong, 26th July, 1882. [11]

PHENIX FIRE OFFICE.

The Undersigned are now prepared to GRANT POLICIES INSURANCE against FIRE at the following Rates—

China Traders Insurance Company's Shares—\$62 per share.

North China Insurance—Tls. 285 per share.

Yangtze Insurance Association—Tls. 135 per share.

Chinese Insurance Company, Limited—\$175 per share, ex div.

On Tai Insurance Company, Limited—Tls. 148 per share.

Canton Insurance Office, Limited—\$324 per share, ex div.

Hongkong and Shanghai Insurance Company's Shares—\$62 per share. Sellers—

China Fire Insurance Company's Shares—\$67 per share. Buyers—

Hongkong and Whampoa Dock Company's Shares—\$52 per cent. prem. Buyers—

Hongkong, Canton, and Macao Steamboat Co.'s Shares—\$331 per share premium.

Indo-China Steam Navigation Co.'s Shares—30 per cent. discount.

China and Macao Steamship Company, Limited—30 per cent. discount.

Douglas Steamship Company, Limited—Par, nominal.

Hongkong Gas Company's Shares—\$90 per share.

Hongkong Hotel Company's Shares—\$120 per share.

China Sugar Refining Company, Limited—103 per share.

China Sago Refining Company (Dobutare)—nominal.

Lauzu Sugar Refining Company, Limited—\$66 per share. Sellers—

Hongkong Ice Company's Shares—\$142 per share.

Hongkong and China Bakery Company, Limited—Par, nominal.

Perak Tin Mining and Smelting Company—\$30 per share.

Selangor Tin Mining Company—\$13 per share.

Perak Sugar Cultivation Company—Tls. 35 per share.

Hongkong Rope Manufacturing Company, Limited—\$50 per share.

Chinese Imperial Loan of 1881—4 per cent. dis-

HONGKONG TEMPERATURE.

(Pao Mung, Watson & Co.'s Register)
January 6th

Thermometer—94 M. 65

Thermometer—94 M. 64

Thermometer—94 M. 64

Thermometer—94 M. (Wet bulb) 62

Thermometer—94 M. (Wet bulb) 62

Thermometer—Maximum 62

Thermometer—Minimum 62

Thermometer—Minimum (over 80°) 62

HONGKONG TIDE-TABLE.

7th to 13th January 1884.

LOW WATER.

EXTRACTS.

THE TOWER OF BOTTEUXAUX.
The church at Botteuxaux (Botteux) in Cornwall, has no tower, while the neighbouring tower of Threlow contains a pile of six. It is said that a nail of bells for Botteuxa was once cast at a foundry in the Continent, and that the nail was never recovered, though it was within sight of the church tower. The Cornish folk have a legend on this subject, which has been embodied in the following stanza by Mr. Hawker:

Tintagel bells ring o'er the tide,
The boy leans on his vessel's side;

He hears that sound, and dreams of home,
Soothes that wild orphan of the foam.

"Come to thy God in time,"

Thus saith their pealing chime;

"Youth, manhood, old age past;

Come to thy God at last."

But why are Botteuxa's coches still?

Hot tower stands proudly on the hill;

Yet the strange though hothe had found,

The lamb lies sleeping on the ground.

"Come to thy God in time,"

Should he be answering chime;

"Come to thy God at last."

Should echo on the blast.

The ship rolls down with cypress tree!

The sun a distant sea;

Her sheet was loose, her anchor stowed,

The merry Bottroux bells on board;

"Come to thy God in time,"

Rung out Tintagel chime;

"Youth, manhood, old age past,

Come to thy God at last."

The pilot heard his native bells

Hang on the brevo in fitful spurs;

"Thank God!" with reverent bow, he cried,

"We make the shore with evenging a tide."

"Come to thy God in time,"

It was his marriage chime;

"Youth, manhood, old age past,

Come to thy God at last."

Thank God, then whining knave, on land,

But at sea the steersman's hand!

The captain's voice above the gale!

"Thank the god of ready sail."

"Come to thy God in time,"

Sad grow the holling chime;

"Come to thy God at last,"

Bounced heavy on the blast.

Up rose the sun, as if he heard,

The mighty Master's signal word

What thrills the captain's whitening lip!

The death-groans of his sinking ship;

"Come to thy God in time,"

Swung deep the funeral chime;

"Grace, mercy, kindness past,

Reunited come to thy God at last."

Long did the redoubt pilot tell,

When grey hairs o'er his forehead fell,

White those around would hear and weep,

Their fearful judgment of the dead.

"Come to thy God in time,"

He read his native chime;

"Youth, manhood, old age past,

Come to thy God at last."

Still, when the storm of Bottroux's waves

Is wading in his rocky cove,

Those bells, that tolls surges hide,

Feel their deep tones beneath the tide,

"Come to thy God in time,"

Thus said the ocean chime;

Storm, whirlwind, billow past,

Come to thy God at last."

"MEMOIRS OF A MAN OF THE WORLD."

The *Daily News* in a notice of Mr. Edmund Yates's "Memoirs of a Man of the World" — Mr. Yates was born in Edinburgh, as he tells us, on the 3rd of July, 1831, a circumstance, however, which would hardly enable him to claim kinship, according to an illustrious example, with a Scotch audience, as "the genuine article," since it was by mere accident that his mother—a beautiful, distinguished, and much-respected actress, still affectionately remembered by numerous old players and personal friends—happened to be sojourning in the city. Neither the Church nor the Bar, which had been named as alternative, was destined to receive Mr. Yates into its ranks. By the kindness of his father's old friend the Marquis of Clanricarde, the son obtained, at the age of sixteen, the footing in the Secretary's office at St. Martin's-le-Grand which marked the commencement of twenty-five years of Post Office life. It seems that junior officials in the early days of Mr. Yates' experience was enlivened by indulgence in "the wildest pranks." As St. Rowland Hill observed while mildly rebuking him for some escapades "not unconnected with the peering with peas and pellets of saturated blotting paper of the passers by a Foster Lane, the young clerk "suffered under a superiority of animal spirits." Outside the Post Office precincts "wild pranks" appear to have flourished in unchecked luxuriance. "My great chum was a man about ten years older than myself, whom for distinction's sake, I will call Pitt, and who was the most audacious practical joker I ever met. Two of his exploits I remember well. At the corner of one of the streets running from the Strand to the river, near St. Mary's Church, was a well-known Italian warehouse. One day, as Pitt and I were walking westward after office hours, we saw hanging at the shop door a bundle of bananas, with an inscription—"The last bananas we shall receive this season." Pitt stopped and read the placard. 'That is very curious,' he said, 'and must be inquiry into.' I followed him up the shop, a long low addition to the original house, until we reached the counter at the far end, where two or three shopmen were busy serving customers. 'Could I speak to Mr. —' asked Pitt, mentioning the name he had read on the shop door, and speaking with the greatest earnestness. 'He's in, sir, but he's having his tea; but if you particularly want him I'll call him.' 'Thank you, I do want a word with him.' The proprietor came out of his parlour, wiping his mouth, and, rounding the counter, was immediately laid hold of by Pitt, who took him by the elbow and led him, astonished, to the door. 'Arrived then,' Pitt pointed to the bananas. 'Are these positively the very last bananas that you will receive this season?' 'Yes,' said the man, 'they are. What of it?' 'Is there no probability, then, of your having another batch?' 'No—not that I know of. What of it?' said the man. 'What of it? Well, I think it a most interesting circumstance! Deeply obliged to you! Good morning!' And he took off his hat with an air, and left the man, purple and speechless, on his own threshold." Another of Mr. Pitt's practical jokes was even more audacious—"Middle-aged readers will possibly remember that the original shop for Holloway's patent medicines was at the extremity of the Strand, a few doors west of Temple Bar. It was a long shop, with a narrow counter running the length of it, at which sat a number of men, occupied in rolling the pills, spreading the ointment, &c. Pitt often told me he had felt curiously attracted to that shop; and one day, as we were passing, he said, 'Can you keep grave for five minutes?' I told him I thought I could, little guessing to what my gravity was to be subjected. 'Then come along!' And the next minute he sprang from my side into the shop, where in the open space before the counter he began leaping about and throwing up his legs with an agility which, in those pre-Vicks days, was unknown. The shopmen stared in wonder, and one of them was advancing, when Pitt bounded in front of him and asked, 'You don't know me? you don't recognise me?' The shopmen, evidently taking him for a lunatic, was muttering something about not having the pleasure, when Pitt, pointing

to the others, asked, 'Do none of those recognise me?' A general chorus of 'No!' 'I don't wonder at it!' said Pitt. 'What I was last in this shop, I was carried in on the cabman's back—couldn't walk a step—had legs of forty years standing!' But now, thinks to your invaluable pills and ointment—look here! and here!' Once more he bounded and danced up and down the shop—and then we ran for our lives."

As young Mr. Pitt caught a glimpse of the great John Dryden in the upper room at Will's so was it for the youthful stranger in certain supper houses of a class now gradually disappearing to get a glimpse of Mr. Punch's most distinguished "hands." "Gadwin's, with the celebrated Charlotte as its attendant Hobe, in the Strand, was near St. Mary's Church. It was occasionally patronised by journalists and senators who lived in the Strand precincts; the beaming face of Morgan John O'Connell was frequently to be seen there; and Douglas Jerrold would sometimes look in. Charlotte was supposed to be one of the few who had ever silenced the great wit. He had been asking for some time for a glass of brandy and water, and when at length Charlotte placed before him the steaming jorum, she said, 'There it is, you trouble come little man; mind you don't fall into it and drown yourself. Jerrold, who was very sensitive to any remarks upon his small and bent figure, collapsed."

The following determines the identity of one of Dickens's personages:—"One day I took Dickens— who had never seen Edwin James—to one of these consultations. James laid himself out to be specially agreeable; Dickens was quietly observant. About four months after appeared the early numbers of *A Tale of Two Cities*, in which a prominent part was played by Mr. Spyker. After reading the description, I said to Dickens, 'Spyker is a good likeness.' He smiled. 'Not bad, I think,' he said, 'especially after only one sitting.'

We take the following note on the late Mr. Shirley Brooks from a series of graphic pen-and-ink sketches of the successive editors of *Punch*:—"Brooks's residence was as great as Jerrold's, but his humour, with a strong acid flavour, was peculiarly his own. They were talking once, at my table, of the horrors of catalepsy, and being buried alive, and I was mentioning the Frankfort custom of depositing the bodies in the dead house for twenty-four hours before burial, with a bell-rope attached to the wrist, that a signal might be given in an instant, in the event of returning animation. 'Ah,' said Brooks, 'that custom evidently suggested Tennyson's line—"Many a morning on the moorland did I hear the corpse ring!"' Thoroughly his own, too, and uttered with his usual curl of the nostril and lip, was his remark on looking round my bookshelves, and seeing my old school Homer, which Simpson, after patching and mending its back, had labelled "Homer's Iliad." "Homer's Iliad," said Brooks, with an inflection on the name—"see, I believe it is the best." Shirley Brooks never took any exercise, and lived far too well, consequently his originally fine constitution was undermined by a complication of disorders. He hated being away from London, and when in the country or at the sea for his annual holiday looked thoroughly wretched and out of place, wore London clothes and a tall hat, and occupied his entire time reading newspapers. He died on the 23rd Feb., '54. On the day previous he was told that—(a newspaper reporter) had called to inquire after him—"There is no need for him to do that," Brooks said facetiously, "he shall have his paragraph at the proper time."

The late Duke of Wellington, with whom Mr. Yates had a slight acquaintance, informed us, we are told, the truth of two stories—one relating to his father, the other to himself. "It appears that some tradesmen—I will call them Brown and Smith—had been dunning Lord Charles Wellesley for some time for money due, and at length they wrote to his father the duke. Then they received the following communication:—'Apolyt House, F.M.—the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Messrs. Brown and Smith. The Duke is not Lord Charles Wellesley, neither is he Messrs. Brown and Smith's debt collector."

ST. BERNARDS.

With some few and marked exceptions, the dogs of St. Bernard are amiable, good-tempered, and affectionate; but, besides being endowed with these characteristics, which are common to several other breeds, the St. Bernard is of all dogs the most courageous. Their character very sufficiently to make them interesting; but they nearly

all have a certain charming "fairy manner," and, it one's favourite dogs, it is generally to one of his relations who will do all his power to fill his place to one's satisfaction. For sport, in the strict sense of the word, they care little; but they dearly love a rump of any kind, and would rather run after a ball, and a stick, or even their own tails, than after a rabbit. They once saw an enormous St. Bernard take a live mouse in his mouth, and, after carrying it for some time, put down, when it ran away unharmed. St. Bernards are essentially "good" dogs. Indeed, many of them never commit the most venial sin. Some few, and very few, have a weakness for hares and sheep; but it is doubtful whether they would hurt them if they were to catch them, which they never seem to do. Even this fault can in most cases be cured by a little correction, which they usually take much to heart, and receive in the best spirit possible. Their saint-like nature, however, is easily spoilt. A St. Bernard will not stand being put on a chain. Give him his liberty, trifle with him, make a friend of him, and he will rival the very monkeys that reared his race in his gentle-ness; chain him up, and he will become a perfect Cerberus. A certain fine St. Bernard was celebrated for his charming manners, and was beloved both by rich and poor. During the absence of his master he was for some time chained in a yard. At last his master sent for him, with orders that he was to travel in the guard's van. The dog was moody and sulky during the early part of the journey, but when the guard began to put on the bridle, the brute flew swarthy at him, and, if his chain had been a few inches longer, would undoubtedly have wounded him. The poor beast's temper had gone too, and he had to be destroyed shortly afterwards. St. Bernards often have very large litteres. We know of one which had a litter of sixteen, twelve of which were reared with the help of sucking-bottles and wet-nurses. If we say that St. Bernard puppies are more engrossed than the young of any other animal, the statement may seem a rash one, but it is at any rate much truer than many of those that have been made about St. Bernards. Their mothers, too, unlike most of their genus, are very amiable over their young families, welcoming visitors with evident pride. Young St. Bernards thrive best when reared in a house, or when allowed to come into one several times during the day. They go on growing until they are two years old, and sometimes afterwards. Unfortunately they are not long-lived dogs, and, if they become ill, they often die very suddenly, when they are mown with bitter wailing. A St. Bernard should have a broad, massive head, and his nose, from the eye to the nostril, should be rather short than long. Yet his expression should be gentle and amiable, with nothing "bulldog-like" about it. The body should be even and well-proportioned. To many St. Bernards are weak-jointed or narrow. These other painful diseases are reported from different parts of the country.

NECKLACES FROM OLD WATCHES.

Some ill-informed persons have been surprised by the recent intelligence that a bridge-boat gave the bridesmaids' necklaces made out of parts of old watches. This is not the case. The old watches of which the necklaces were made out of parts of old watches which make a kind of inner cover or sheath of the works. Though not wrought of gold as a rule this covering was always very prettily chased, and covered with pleasant arabesque work. Probably watchmakers have for many years thrown away this part of the old works which are useless. Some person of ingenuity thought of stringing the bits of metal into ornaments, and now they are worn, and may be seen in the windows of bazaar-bazaar shops. The old jewellers and watchmakers in country towns are ransacked for the trinkets, which at first are very cheap indeed, but now holders are firm, and prices have risen considerably. The new fashion might give Mr. Ruskin a text in showing the indestructible value of really good ornament. Such ornament and work were expounded by the craftsmen of a century ago even on parts of the objects they made which were not meant to meet the eye. We no longer adorn the interior of our watches thus, and ladies are glad to make personal ornaments of things never intended for that purpose.

The excessive coldness of the weather and heavy snowstorms and portentous driving blizzards over the Cappadocian mountains have in some cases spread terror among the people. At Hormuz, in North Hungary, a pack of 120 wolves entered the village while the inhabitants were at church, and were not driven out till a squadron of Uhlans attacked them with swords and carbines. Other painful cases are reported from different parts of the country.

HONGKONG MARKETS.

AS EXHIBITED AT CHINCHIN THE 5TH JAN., 1854.

COTTON GOODS.

AMERICAN DRILLS, 100s., per piece ... \$2.95 to 3.10

COTTON YARN, No. 16 to 24, per 400 lbs. ... \$2.60 to 37.50

COTTON YARN, No. 32 to 43, per 400 lbs. ... \$2.60 to 37.50

COTTON YARN, No. 50 to 60, per 400 lbs. ... \$2.60 to 37.50

COTTON YARN, No. 70 to 80, per 400 lbs. ... \$2.60 to 37.50

COTTON YARN, No. 90 to 100, per 400 lbs. ... \$2.60 to 37.50

COTTON YARN, No. 110 to 120, per 400 lbs. ... \$2.60 to 37.50

COTTON YARN, No. 130 to 140, per 400 lbs. ... \$2.60 to 37.50

COTTON YARN, No. 150 to 160, per 400 lbs. ... \$2.60 to 37.50

COTTON YARN, No. 170 to 180, per 400 lbs. ... \$2.60 to 37.50

COTTON YARN, No. 190 to 200, per 400 lbs. ... \$2.60 to 37.50

COTTON YARN, No. 210 to 220, per 400 lbs. ... \$2.60 to 37.50

COTTON YARN, No. 230 to 240, per 400 lbs. ... \$2.60 to 37.50

COTTON YARN, No. 250 to 260, per 400 lbs. ... \$2.60 to 37.50

CHINTZ, 1 lb., per piece ... \$1.85 to 2.00

CHINTZ, 2 lbs., per piece ... \$1.75 to 1.90

CHINTZ, 3 lbs., per piece ... \$1.70 to 1.85

CHINTZ, 4 lbs., per piece ... \$1.65 to 1.80

CHINTZ, 5 lbs., per piece ... \$1.60 to 1.75

CHINTZ, 6 lbs., per piece ... \$1.55 to 1.70

CHINTZ, 7 lbs., per piece ... \$1.50 to 1.65

CHINTZ, 8 lbs., per piece ... \$1.45 to 1.60